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son could not have just a little bit of human nature infused into his acting.

Mr. Morton's Gaffer Hexham is, as everything that this gentlemen does, good.

Mr. Studley's Rogue Riderhood may be placed in the same category.

I must not forget to give a word of praise to Mr. E. Gilbert, who, as George Sampson, is very amusing. This gentlemen has done some very clever things lately, and if he but persevere, will in time become an excellent actor.

But the bright particular star of "Our Mutual Friend" is Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who, as Mr. Boffin, appears to be the living incarnation of the lively and amusing spirit of Dickens. From the beginning to the end of the play he is excellent beyond comparison, and keeps the house in a continuous roar of laughter, and were it not for his most excellent acting, I am afraid that the success of the play would be rather doubtful. Mr. Stoddart is a most thorough artist in every sense of the word, and is fifty per cent. better an actor than one half the so-called "stars" that now and then attempt to dazzle the eyes of us New Yorkers.

The Winter Garden has recovered from its late severe attack of "acute Hiberniana," and has the disease now in the much milder and decidedly more agreeable form of Mr. John Brougham—true artist and clever dramatist—who opened last week in his exquisite comedy of "Playing with Fire," sustaining himself the part of Dr. Savage, which he plays to the life. It is always a pleasure to see Mr. Brougham, for there is so much real nature and *bonhomie* about his acting that you go away pleased with him, both as an actor and as a man, yourself, and all the world beside. The support afforded Mr. Brougham is good, with the exception of a Miss Prentice, who has evidently mistaken her sphere: she would much better grace the walks of private life than the stage.

Mr. J. G. Burnett has been added to the Winter Garden company, and, as Uncle Timothy, gives us one of those personations of old men which no man knows better how to render than he.

"Pocahontas" is underlined, with Mr. Brougham as the jolly old Powhattan. It is needless to say that the chances of uproarious fun at the Winter Garden are very large.

At the Broadway Theatre Miss Helen Western has been doing the "French Spy," and doing it well. Miss Western is perhaps the best exponent of the "muscular drama" that we have.

At Wood's Theatre the Worrell Sisters have produced the "Invisible Prince," and this, with the exploits of Young Nicolo on the trapeze, forms a most amusing programme. The Worrell Sisters are three very talented young ladies, and are destined in time to "make their mark"—not but what they have achieved considerable success already, but they are capable of doing better things than they have done as yet.

The French Theatre has been opened, and with great success. I have not as yet been able to visit it, but hope to do so during the ensuing week.

The Buislay Family, of whom the California papers give most glowing accounts, are shortly to appear at the New Bowery Theatre in a grand romantic, melodramatic—and all the other "ics"—drama entitled the "Sheep's Foot." Let us hope that it will not be so sheep-headish as many of the other melodramatic melodramas that we poor Gothamites are often treated to.

SHUGGE.

TO M. L. P.

BY "JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE."

1.

I think I see thee, as I gaze
At eve, upon the starlit sky—
For all that's pure and beautiful,
With thee, has mystic sympathy!

2.

At dewy morn the fragrant breeze
Seems like the whisper of thy voice,
And as I wander, every bird
Seems in thy virtues to rejoice.

3.

The little violet that peeps
So coy above its forest bed,
Fit emblem of thy modesty,
I see not—but thy face instead.

4.

Yes! fairest to thy influence
That gives to song its tone;
If memory dwelt not still on thee,
Its fascination all were gone!

5.

Smi'e then—oh! smile upon my love,
For thou canst by thy frown
For ever, ever, from my lips,
My cup of earthly bliss dash down!

A LETTER FROM THEODORE EISFELD.

We have received the subjoined letter from our very dear friend, Theodore Eisfeld. We publish it against the partial protest of our friend, because we know that hundreds of our readers will be glad to hear from him and to know of his whereabouts, for few men in the profession have won, by sheer moral and personal worth, joined to high professional ability, so many warm and constant friends in all circles, as Theodore Eisfeld. We shall therefore only ask his forgiveness for our friendly breach of trust.

FRANKFORT, May 16, 1866.

H. C. WATSON, Esq.,

MY DEAR FRIEND: Through all the past winter I have lived constantly in hopes that you would be kind enough to write me a few lines. I longed so much to hear from you—not from the Editor, H. C. Watson, about music and the arts generally, no—but I wanted news from my old friend, Sir Henry, my worthy art-fellow, who has always been so kind to me, in whose house I was sure to be a welcome visitor, etc., etc. Yes, yes, I must know how you live at home, with your amiable lady and your dear little fellow (Henry II.). I know very well that you have little time and leisure for a mere correspondence of friendship, but once in a long time you might sacrifice a few minutes to an old friend. You can be sure that I would now and then have given you some news about music in Germany, but I found out that you have such excellent correspondents that my news would have been later than you can get them from English papers: *Musical World*, etc. Here let me tell you that your highly valued *Art Journal* has constantly been a week behind the other New York papers to which I am subscriber. This is a proof that it has never been sent in time

to the Post Office, i. e. every Saturday morning before 10 o'clock. Thus, with the mark of "per German Steamer," it has been laid over for a whole week before it left New York. I received the first number of the *American Art Journal* (of April 25th) but yesterday, May 14th. The *Weekly Times* and other papers of Saturday, April 28th, I had already two days before.

Apropos of this very number, there is a statement which I have to correct. It is said that the rich people of Frankfort did not support a great opera. Now, my dear Sir Henry, allow me to give you the *repertoire* of last winter, as well as I remember it.

Operas by Mozart—Idomeneo, *Così fan Tutte*, Don Giovanni, Magic Flute, *Le Nozze de Figaro*, and (for the first time, till now, the *nowhere* performed posthumous opera,) *Zaide*.

Beethoven's *Fidelio*, about 5 times.

Meyerbeer—Robert, Huguenots, Prophet, Dinora, *L'Africaine*, about 20 times.

Halevy's *Jewess*.

Marchner's *Templar and Jewess*.

Spohr's *Jessonda*.

Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Mendelssohn's *Operatta*—The Stranger.

Lortzing—The two Sharpshooters, The Poacher, Czar and Carpenter.

Méhul's *Joseph*.

Boieldieu's—*Dame Blanche*, Jean de Paris.

Gluck's *Armida*.

Auber—*Muetta de Portici*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Le Maçon*, *La Fiancée*.

Verdi—*Ernani*, *Traviata*, *Trovatore*.

Donizetti—*Lucia*, *Lucretia*.

Bellini—*Norma*, *Puritani*, *Sonnambula*.

Cherubini—*Les deux Journées*, *Medea*.

Gounod—*Faust* and *Marguerite*.

Rossini—*Tell*, *Barber*, *Othello*, etc., etc.

I am sure I have forgotten some, but I think this is a good *repertoire*, and there is no theatre in Europe that has a better one. All seats, with few exceptions in the house, are subscribed for by the year, no dead heads!!!

DUSSELDORF, May 23, 1866.

There has been a little interruption in this letter, as I had to go to the great Musical Festival at Dusseldorf, to which I got a flattering invitation as "Honorary guest." I wish you could have been here, my dear friend, though you might have found fault with some things, you would have enjoyed many of the performances greatly. With very few words, I shall give you my views about the whole. But mind, I don't wish you to publish my letters in your paper, at least not verbally, as my English is not good enough. If you can make use of my sayings and my name for your paper, you are perfectly welcome, but I would not make your (250 millions) readers believe that I write to you, Sir Henry, from mere vanity to have my name in the papers.

The following is a list of performers at the Dusseldorf Musical Festival:

Conductor, Mr. O. Goldschmidt and Tausch, 2
Soloists, vocal and instrumental, 10

CHORUS.

Soprani,	216
Altos,	181
Tenors,	138
Basses,	200
	735

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

Organist, Mr. Weber from Cologne,	1
Harps,	2
Violins,	50

Altos,	20
Viloncelle,	20
Doublebasses,	15
Flutes,	5
Oboes,	4
Clarionettes,	4
Bassoons,	4
Horns,	6
Trumpets,	4
Trombones,	3
Tuba,	1
Drums, (pair)	2
<hr/>	
Total,	141

Total, 888

1st day—Messiah. Opening of the new splendid concert hall with Beethoven's overture "Die Weihe des Hauses" (The consecration of the house).

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, glorious as ever. Her voice has lost some clearness, too much veiled in the middle register, but her singing, style and reading, always the very perfection, and her effect on the public and the artists is immense. With the exception of grumblers, like some critics who find fault with everything, I dare say that Mme. Goldschmidt is still an invaluable, living lesson to all singers that I know. Mme. Parepa did not come—got sick. Some numbers of her allotted share Jenny Lind sang, the rest were attempted at the eleventh hour by Mme. Rothenberger from Cologne (no great shakes, but shaky), and Mme. d'Orville from Leipzig, a good concert singer, but small voice.

2d day—Overture by Tausch, conductor in Dusseldorf, pupil of Mendelssohn, so, so.

Pfingstorn, chorus by Hiller, fine and effective.

Concert in A, for piano, by Schumann, performed by Mme. Clara Schumann. I may say that this was the best solo performance that I ever listened to—the highest imaginable perfection.

Music to Athalia, by Mendelssohn. A beautiful vocal and instrumental work that I heard entire here for the first time. Soli by Jenny Lind, Mdle. Daberkow (a good amateur lady from here), and Mdle. Von Edelsberg, a wonderful alto voice, and besides a splendid woman; but rather cold in her singing.

From Gluck's *Armida*, 2d and 3d act.

Hidsoal—Herr Stockhausen, a really great artist as a bass singer, surest intonation, finest voice, and perfect reading and declamation.

Armida—Pvl. Rothenberger.

Rinald—Dr. Gunz, from Hanover, an excellent tenor, well known in London. (Florestan in *Fidelio* and Arnold in *Teil*, etc., etc.)

Furie of Hate—Mdle. Von Edelsberg.

3d day—Symphony in E-flat—conductor Mr. Tausch, splendid orchestra, performance a little tame. With such a body of stringed instruments it would, in New York, under the direction of my worthy colleague, Carl Bergmann, go very differently, I assure you.

Air from Belmont and Constanze, by Mozart—Dr. Gunz.

Air, The Bride of Venice, by Benedict—Mdle. Edelsberg.

Sphor's 9th Quartette Concerto for violin, performed by L. Auer, a pupil of Joachim, but a most famous one, got a real ovation from the public.

Paradise and Peri, (2d part)—Schumann, Mme. Lind as Peri.

Festival Overture, by Rietz.

Air from Allegro and Penseroso, Handel, with Flute obligato—Mme. Goldschmidt and Mr. Leonard, from Brussels. You could not make out who

made the trills better, quicker and longer, the voice or the flute; and observe with the note upwards, and not downwards, as 99 out of 100 singers do when they attempt a spasmodical shake and make believe it is a trill.

Some songs, duets, and a Concerto for the violoncello, by Molique, performed by a Belgian, Mr. Deswert, a very excellent player.

Finale—Doppelchor, by Bach.

Splendid! Splendid!! Splendid!!!

I go to Hanover, where I am invited likewise to the great Music Festival, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of June. From there I shall travel here and there, just according to my fancy.

Farewell, my dear friend. My most heart-felt compliments to your dear lady, and believe me forever

Yours most truly and thankfully,

THEO. EISENFELD.

CONCERT-GIVING IN PARIS AND NEW YORK.

A CONTRAST.

(Concluded.)

We forget to mention that one of the most important steps that are taken by the concert giver in Paris is his visit to the critics of the different journals. He presents himself at these gentlemen's apartments, tickets in hand, and begs them to honor his concert by their presence, a prayer to which these blasters or makers of reputations accede most generally, time and circumstances permitting them to do so conveniently. We here observe that these critics receive such quantities of invitations to concerts, matinees, representations, receptions, and things of the sort that unless endowed with the gift of ubiquity they must refuse attendance on many occasions. In speaking here of the artist visiting critics, and begging that they may honor him by attending his concerts, we refer only to those artists who strive against the difficulties of a *debut* and consequently spare no pains in their endeavors to be heard by those who, when the case admits of it, trumpet their success through the sonorous instruments of publicity. Well-known artists—those who have already undergone the ordeal of the *debut*, with subsequent triumphs in the musical world, do not give themselves the trouble of officially calling upon *Messieurs les critiques*, they content themselves and also the critics by simply enclosing to them, under envelope, two tickets of admission each, to their concert.

Concerts, in Paris, are given on a far smaller scale than in New York. In Paris there is only one Hall where a concert, with orchestra, can be given—we speak of the Salle Herz in which only seven hundred persons can be seated. This Salle Herz (Hall appertaining to the piano warerooms of Henri Herz), is the largest music hall in Paris; the other two, those of Erard and Pleyel, seating only from three to four hundred persons. But things are in proportion comparatively to New York—if less persons can procure admittance to the concerts in Paris, the price is also double that of the New York concerts—a first-class concert never being given there for less than ten francs the ticket for first places, and five francs for the second. The second places in the concert rooms in Paris are but few, the far greater portion of the seats are firsts, i. e. contained in the large saloon of the Hall. The second places are contained in

a small room behind this, called in contradistinction to the grand salon, small saloon. The general expenses of concert giving in Paris are far less than in this City, a circumstance which still renders the difference in the size of the Hall far less felt with regard to pecuniary results. To resume, therefore, we state that in Paris—the halls are small—but the price of tickets is high and the expenses small, whereas in New York our concert hall is large (seating about fourteen hundred), but our tickets are one half the price of those in Paris, and the general expenses of the concert perfectly frightful. We shall conclude our remarks upon these facts by presenting a schedule of expenses attendant upon the giving of a grand orchestral concert both in Paris and in this city. We mean evidently to speak of concerts of first class "gotten up" in the most brilliant manner. We take for instance Irving Hall for our New York concert, and La Salle Herz for our French one.

NEW YORK.

Hire of Hall,	\$75 00
Orchestra (with one rehearsal, 33 artists at \$7 each,	231 00
Conductor of Orchestra,	30 00
Advertisements in about 10 papers,	100 00
Printing of streamers, posters, dodgers, programmes, &c., with streaming, posting and dodging of same.	150 00
Salary to artists,	100 00
Two weeks salary to agent or business manager,	80 00
Sundry expenses, carriage hire, &c.	50 00
Total,	\$816 00

PARIS.

Hire of Hall,	\$70 00
Orchestra (two rehearsals, if necessary),	140 00
Small notices in about 3 daily papers, only two or three days before the concert,	10 00
Small posters,	15 00
Programmes,	3 00
Tickets,	3 00
Fee to managing agency,	10 00
Tax paid to the Society of Authors,	2 00
Contributions paid to the poor,	10 00
Bouquet to prima donna,	3 00
Carriage hire, &c.,	5 00
Total,	\$271 00

These statistics we guarantee as being precisely correct.

An artist giving a concert, without orchestra, at Erard's Saloons—has not one-half of these expenses. The hall costs nothing, it being given gratuitously to artists whom Mad. Erard knows from recommendation or through renown. This excellent lady not only gives the hall but pays also the gas bill, the police expenses, and furnishes six or seven men to do the business of ticket-seller, door-keeper, ushers, &c.* We have no such artistically philanthropic establishment in this City.

Concerts, however, in Paris as well as here, are but sorry speculations on the whole. An artist who makes in his concert in Paris \$200 thinks that he is swimming most delightfully in the *Factolus*—those even who make their expenses only, thank Providence for such an unlooked for result.

BOULEVARD.

* These employees, however, receive a customary *pour boire*, the amount of which is left to the generosity of the artist, say from fifty to a hundred francs.